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London, Ont., Wednesday, Nov. 22

Reducing Civic Expenditure.

It is well that candidates for municipal office should tell the people that they are going to run on a platform of strict economy and the cutting down of the tax roll. It would be better were these candidates to read the chapter and verse showing just how they intend to proceed once the people trust them with the responsibilities of office.

The voter who does not go deeply into municipal matters might very easily get the impression that a man, were he elected to office as alderman or mayor, could make quite a change in the tax rate. There are pet phrases used by the candidates in nearly all contests, and it is nothing new to hear of "economy consistent with efficiency."

In London it is necessary to raise about \$2,200,000 for the expenses of running the city for a year. After going over the figures carefully, it is safe to make the statement that of that amount fully \$2,000,000 is uncontrollable expenditure. By that it is meant that the city is obligated to the expenditure of that amount before the incoming council takes over office. It may be that with good management the new council can see to it that there is not an increase, but it is going to have its troubles right from the start in cutting down expenditure to such a degree that the taxpayer will later look at his tax paper and rise up and call the new council blessed.

The city council has practically nothing to say about how much shall be spent by the board of education. The board of education are blamed many times for being the spenders of the money collected by the city council, and for which the latter body is blamed by the people. It will be found, though, that the board of education has its hands tied to a certain extent. The regulations passed by the government say there shall be no more pupils to a room, and this places the onus on the board of education to keep increasing the school facilities and teaching staff as the school population increases. In recent years there has been quite a marked increase in the salaries paid to school teachers. This is a matter that is quite beyond local control, as there is a certain fairly well recognized market price for school teachers. London has some 360 of them on its payroll, and the amount expended in this way is not going to grow less.

The city council might try and run some of the parks appropriation, but if they desired to try this, it would be found that the parks board has a legal right to a certain amount, and that it could not be touched. The debt of the city is an obligation that must be met. It represents work already done that is being paid for on the installment plan.

Voters are not likely to take too seriously any claims, not only in London, but elsewhere, that the election of a certain man, or any particular group of men, is going to result in a decreased tax rate. It is not fair to try to raise false hopes in this way. Municipalities are in many cases paying now for work that was carried on at a time when construction costs were at their peak. The one way in which an improvement can be secured from the viewpoint of the taxpayer would be by bringing together the various spending bodies and securing the greatest amount of co-operation in their activities. It should not be necessary to pass legislation in order to secure this co-operation. A man who is elected to public office, and in this way secures the confidence of the municipality, should feel such a sense of responsibility that he would willingly sit in with other spending bodies, and in this spirit seek to find out how and where the ratepayers are providing all the money, no matter who spends it—can secure the maximum of service at the minimum of expenditure.

The New Tennis Club.
William Tilden, Jr., tennis champion of the world, commenting on the physical and mental benefits of tennis, says that it is the most "inspiring" and "bodily constructive" game known.

Certainly the finished racket wielder of present times must possess keen eyes, an active brain and indomitable courage. The same ingredients that make men famous tennis players. Stamina that stands up under a grueling five-set contest is more mental than physical, and that very determination to give the best that is in the human body is so the formula for great political and social achievement.

It must be a source of gratification for Londoners to learn that a tennis club has been organized in this city. An admirable site has been secured, and the efforts of the club executive have been devoted to a solicitation of funds sufficient to insure its complete success. The city of Toronto boasts of more than a dozen self-maintaining tennis organizations. The game has taken such a boom in the past three years that in the United States it is rated second in interest only to baseball. Until the enthusiasts of this city formed a club, London was woefully behind its contemporaries in the promotion of this sport. The opportunity is now open to afford the new club whole-hearted support and guarantee its being a credit to the city.

The membership of golf clubs is invariably composed of men over 25; good baseball is a monopoly of professionalists; football is the sport of autumn. Tennis is the one remaining active outdoor diversion that can be played by young men and women from early spring to advanced fall. A tentative canvass of prospective members has revealed the fact that there are more than 500 tennis players in London. When the London Tennis Club is formally opened these people will be enabled to indulge their favorite pastime to the utmost.

Going Strong at 81.
Georges Clemenceau, ex-premier of France, is visiting America. He is a mere youth of 81, so when he left home in a drizzling rain to catch the boat in the early hours of the morning, he took the seat beside the driver, and allowed others to cuddle back in the warmth of the covered part of the car.

This youngster preferred the drizzle and the wind in a 150-mile drive. In New York he is up at 5 in the morning, writing letters to people in France.

He prefers to have his breakfast about six in order to get a good start for the day.

Mr. Average Man, you are getting fat and flabby at 45 or 50. You are not up and around at 5 in the morning unless your house is on fire or you must catch a train. And you consider it quite a trick to do such a thing.

And the chances are that on a 150-mile drive in a drizzle, you'd watch quite eagerly for a chance to bundle in at the back part of the car. You'd reckon that the driver was used to being out of doors, and that if you sat there you might catch your death of cold.

And the chances are that, considering your method of living, that you would.

Yet, it's well worth while taking a look at these 81-year-old tourists who go around the country with a vigor that would do credit to an athlete, and with a passion for early hours that would be the envy of the best hired man who ever lived.

Speed Counts Here.
When the party from Ontario was inspecting the fire region around Halleybury, some discussion arose as to the proper method of raising money for assistance. Premier Drury took the ground that the people should do it, claiming that it would be a serious matter not to allow the milk of human kindness a chance to exercise itself in meeting such a catastrophe.

The trouble with raising money in large sums for such a purpose is in keeping up a continued effort that will operate after the first appeal has been made and met.

People at a distance from the scene of the northern fire do not have much idea of what it means to be burned out, home, belongings and all. Many a family in this section of the province made a response at once, and in so doing gathered the idea that its full duty had been discharged. When it is found that a sum equal to at least a million is still needed, it is hard to go back to that family again and say: "You have not done your full duty."

There is much to be said for the attitude of Premier Drury, who favors giving as a form of expressing pity in a practical way.

To the man who is trying to shove his nose into the corner of a shuck in order to keep his wife and children warm in the cold weather, the method by which money is secured amounts to very little. The larger object is that it shall come speedily.

Flying With Flapping Wings.
The Russian people have seldom been credited with excess of ingenuity, but latest advice from the country of the Monik reports an airplane with wings that flap to be under construction. Certain Frenchmen, with or without competence to judge, seem to have taken it rather seriously.

To contend that they are wrong, that no such machine will ever navigate the air successfully would be as dangerous as well as dangerous as aviation with planes of rigid wings unfortunately continues to be. The birds and innumerable tribes of insects do fly on wings that beat the air. That is nature's way of solving the flight problem. But it appears to be the destiny of poor humanity that whenever it attempts to imitate nature it usually fails.

Few of our means of transportation more than remotely follow the Great Exemplar. None of our vehicles is carried along on legs. It is true that navigation has utilized the principle of propulsion as exemplified in the action of a fish's tail. But it is done in a wholly different manner. Many of the best mechanical and inventive brains of the world have been assigned the task of producing mechanical results by copying the actions of animal creatures. The Russian achievement, if it is true, represents the first remnant of success in this field.

On first analysis it seems that man-made wings of the flapping sort, if moved with the speed required for carrying through the air a heavy

weight, would be subject to enormous strain which would jeopardize the possibility of success. A great scientist, however, Simon Newcomb, once ridiculed the idea of rigid wings as a means of air conveyance. His mistake cost him no insignificant portion of his reputation. All big evolutionary improvements of science have been subject to similar skepticism, and it will not be miraculous, though it will be remarkable, if, upon experimentation, the flapping airplane of the land of Lenin manages to justify the high hopes held out for it by its inventors.

But it is necessary to be extremely cautious before arriving at any definite conclusion regarding the experiment. With the lessons of the deriding past still in our minds, most of us have learned to expect almost any form of scientific phenomena.

Note and Comment.
Not long ago the man who shaved every day was a dude.

The judge who upholds the law should be sustained by public opinion until the law is changed.

The worst thing about picking up last winter's overcoat is the chance of finding an unpaid bill in his pocket.

Of course, we should all look up, but one man in Flint, Mich., did so, and now wants \$2,500 damages because he hit his nose on an awning.

Of all the words that ever fell upon the ears of saint or sinner, the finest phrase is in this line, "Well, folks, set in and have some dinner."

Out in Wyoming they dug up a lot of bones, and concluded it must have been the remains of a prehistoric man. Should get this name right in case you meet one.

Three men from the composing room of The Advertiser are running for aldermen. If they all get elected, they will be able to have a quorum almost any time over here.

They can get all sorts of men to go into the bush to hunt this fall, but it's quite a job to find enough to take to the bush with the idea of cutting wood.

The Peterboro Examiner speaks thusly in a recent issue: "There may be Canadian papers not guilty of making a pun on the name of the new Progressive leader, but they are not on the Examiner exchange list."

Now, why such a rebuke? When that name Forke came out, it was so easy to connect it with farm life, and it could be done with such a small expenditure of brain power, that paragraphs just naturally rushed at it. Surely they are entitled to pick off an easy phrase now and then.

Mrs. Clara Phillips was convicted in California of murder by a mixed jury. There has been a long period of leniency toward beautiful female killers in that state, and critics say it has been possible because "the pretty little woman, yoked to a man who did not understand nor appreciate her," has been able to tie up the heart strings of the men on the jury. Three women were on the jury that brought in a verdict of guilty in the Phillips case, where one man juror said: "She possessed the most appealing smile I ever saw." Women as jurors seem to be able to interpret feminine smiles and weigh them at their true worth.

IF WINTER COMES



"Hold On, Old Chap, You Keep Still."

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"Well, Johnny, what would you do if you had a million dollars?" "I haven't got time to tell you, Uncle John, but if I had a time I'd go to the movies."

THE TEST.
Alice—Do you really think that clothes make the man? My legs, Virginia—Of course not. It's the kind of car he drives.

Don't Growl—Growl!

By H. Addington Bruce.
Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Self-Development," Etc.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Associated Newspapers.)

ONE of the most unpleasant yet pathetic of figures is the man who is forever growling, carping and inveighing against life in general and its circumstances as they affect him in particular.

To this type of man everything is badly ordered. The wealthy, without exception, owe their wealth to crookedness and graft. Employers are a set of money-grabbers, the natural enemies of the employed, whom they would, if they could, keep on starvation wages. Those of the employed who contrive to prosper are little better than the grasping employers. For, as the man of perpetual growl and complaint sees it, they could not possibly have prospered in this most miserable of worlds if they too had not stooped to trickery and deceit.

Men thus believing and affirming are, not without reason, regarded by all right-thinking people as exceedingly dangerous members of society. They are dispensers of moral poison, sowers of class hatreds, underminers of the foundations on which alone rests a stable social structure. Happily the right-thinking man so far outnumbers them that the injury their bitter complaining does is mostly confined to themselves.

And how seriously they injure them! How heavily they are handicapped by it in the successful management of their own lives!

If only because their minds are intent on stirring up trouble, they are mentally under-energized as regards whatever work they engage in for livelihood-earning purposes. Still further are they de-energized by the very character of their dominant modes of thought.

Chronic bitterness of spirit inevitably means a weakening of the whole organism. This is one of the most certain of psycho-physical facts. It prevents the mental and moral activity and growth without which there can be no progress. It shrivels and enfeebles.

Consequently all permitting themselves to be enslaved by bitterness become more and more incapable of effective thinking and doing. This of itself would be enough to make them business failures, quite apart from the natural reluctance of others to have about them such grumbling, ill-disposed persons whose great aim seems to be mischief-making.

Which is why I began by describing the chronic growler and complainer as not merely an unpleasant but a pathetic figure. He is indeed a tragic figure. For unless he ceases his habitual complaining and attains a wholesome attitude that permits mental growth, he is fated to an increasing misery year after year. The sad experience of many generations of fault-finders extraordinary bear out the truth of this.

WORTH RE-TELLING AND REMEMBERING.
"Why do you turn out for every road hog that comes along?" said the missus, rather crossly. "The right of way is ours, isn't it?" "Oh, undoubtedly!" answered he calmly. "As for our turning out, the reason is plainly suggested in this epitaph which appeared in a newspaper recently."

"Here lies the body of William Jay, who died maintaining his right of way."

He was right, dead right, as he sped along. But he's just as dead as he'd been wrong.

ONE ON FATHER.
Tommy—Please, mom, is water good for a watch?
Teacher—Why, no; water will rust the works and spoil it.
Tommy—Then why did papa say he had his watch in soak?

A PRESCRIPTION.
A man prominent in the financial district, who is as mean as he is wealthy, is fond of getting advice for nothing.
Meeting the doctor one day, he said to him: "I am on my way home, doctor. I feel very frazzled and worn out generally. What ought I to take?" "A taxi," came the curt reply.

PRACTICAL.
"Well, Johnny, what would you do if you had a million dollars?" "I haven't got time to tell you, Uncle John, but if I had a time I'd go to the movies."

THE TEST.
Alice—Do you really think that clothes make the man? My legs, Virginia—Of course not. It's the kind of car he drives.

—BY RIPLEY

The Evening Story

SURPRISES.
As the telephone bell rang Rosella Cooper turned toward the small table upon which the instrument sat and jerked the receiver off the hook. She thought: "It's Mrs. Campbell, and that dress she bought this morning does not fit."

To her surprise it was not Mrs. Campbell's bumptious boom that came over the wire, but a small, gentle, rather unsteady little voice. "Rosella! It that you?" it asked. "Why, it's Mrs. Keery!" Rosella said. "Little came over her fretted face. Rosella's afternoon face was altogether different from her morning one. By half-past each day the firm resolve of her 4 o'clock way to "keep a grip on herself" had melted like snow.

"How'd you know?" demanded the small voice, with a kind of startled delight running through it. "Guessed," she evaded.

"Well, Rosella, I want you to come up to supper tonight and spend the evening?"

"What! Tonight?" "Yes, tonight. You will come, won't you?" "Miss Cooper!" It was Mrs. Lathan speaking. "Come here a minute, please."

"I'll call you up in two minutes, Mrs. Keery, and let you know." Mrs. Lathan ran the Daintie Shoppe and Rosella was her assistant. As a matter of fact, Rosella did all the business. She sold the gowns and blouses and induced more trade by her perfect figure and the perfect taste in dress. She earned \$100 a month, which was scarcely equivalent to her service, but was more money than she could use in the small town of Brishen, and she had no need to save, since her parents had left her nicely provided for.

As Rosella deftly steered a stout customer's fancy from an evening dress two sizes too small for her and persuaded her to accept one better suited to her size and coloring, she thought rapidly of the invitation she had just received. She was tired, too tired to walk the half mile; too tired to listen a whole evening to the old woman's chatter; too tired to have old memories raked up for her. For old Mrs. Keery, who lived in the tiny white house on Plum street, was the aunt of Samuel King, and Samuel King was and always would be the one man who could find a place in Rosella Cooper's heart. But he had gone out of her life one day and had not returned. She heard that he was succeeding in the city and had won several promotions from the firm with which he was engaged. For four years Rosella had given up all hope of him; for four years also she had lost all active interest in life.

Still old Mrs. Keery was the only living person who called her "Rosella," with a note of tenderness. It seemed a pity to hurt her, as she would be hurt if her invitation was not accepted.

"I suppose I'll have to go," Rosella sighed, and unhooked the receiver. Her acceptance was brief. "I'll come, Mrs. Keery. Now don't get any fuss for me. I'm afraid I may be late—a half hour, perhaps. But I'll hurry." She smiled faintly at the sound of the delightful gurgle at the other end of the wire.

At 6 o'clock she was wearier than she had been at 4. She locked the shop door—Mrs. Lathan had gone home long before—wishing that she could go straight to her pretty room and snuggle down with a new blouse. "But since I'm in for a whole evening of it I'll do it right," she told herself.

She stopped at a news-stand and bought an armful of the last magazines. Old Mrs. Keery loved to read. At the confectioner's she purchased a big, gayly ribbed box of chocolates. Old Mrs. Keery had a sweet tooth. Then she entered a florist's and bought a dozen glowing carnations. By this time she began to feel a sense of interest that she had never felt before. She laughed a little.

"I look like Santa Claus," she thought. "How my arms are going to ache before I get there! These magazines are heavy." It was a cold, brisk evening. The half mile to Rosella's home was a long one. She became aware of a real appetite for her supper. Perhaps it wouldn't turn out so badly after all. Mrs. Keery met her joyfully at the door. She was a tiny old woman, with hair like cotton, a pink face, and child-like eyes.

As she stood there on the threshold looking so eager and so glad, Rosella bent and kissed her. "You little old dear!" she said. Then she presented her offerings.

"Oh, Rosella!" chirped old Mrs. Keery. This is the happiest time of my whole life! I really believe it is! Oh, Rosella!"

There was an air of excitement, the visible keeping of a secret about her, and a desire to let some jolly, beloved cat out of the bag. Rosella could see. From the small sitting-room she could look out upon the dining-room table. It was set for three. Another guest! Could it be making a little dinner party?

"I'm so glad I can!" Rosella thought. "Why, it would have broken my heart if I had stayed away after all this preparation."

There were heavy steps outside, the door opened, and a man stood on the threshold. His arms were full of parcels, which, at the sight of Rosella, he began to drop in every direction. Mrs. Keery ran to his side. "Victory, Sammy King!" she scolded, "what did you get all these things for?"

Samuel King was staring at Rosella and Rosella was staring at him. Mrs. Keery was gazing at them both and fairly dancing about for joy. Didn't I plan it neatly?" she said. "Haven't I surprised you?"

"I should say you had!" Samuel exclaimed. He had Rosella's hands in his. "Rosella, how good it seems to see you again!" Mrs. Keery had fluttered out with another armful of flowers, bonbons, and fruit, and Rosella and Samuel King were alone.

Samuel never dreamed Aunt Nell was going to ask you," Samuel laughed. "The little plotter! Isn't she, Rose?" "She is, indeed," Rosella answered. Then they looked into each other's eyes and smiled.

"Well, suppose her some time, eh, Rose?" Samuel persisted. Rosella grew radiant.

Our Own Country.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Q.—What is the strength of the Congregational Church?
A.—The Congregational Church in Canada numbers 12,500 members and 31,000 under pastoral care. Its pastoral charges, property values of \$2,284,000.

JACQUES CARTIER'S VISITS.
Q.—How many visits did Jacques Cartier make to Canada, and when?
A.—Jacques Cartier paid three visits to Canada—in 1534, his first landing on Canadian soil; in 1535, when he reached the site of Montreal, and in 1540.

SHEEP INDUSTRY.
Q.—What is the extent and value of Canada's sheep industry?
A.—Canada's sheep industry number 4,674,850 sheep valued at \$23,000,000, a falling off of an equal sum since 1913.

The world famous Assam teas in RED ROSE give it that richness and fragrance that so distinguish it from ordinary teas.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

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\$5.01 to 10.00	10c.	
10.01 to 30.00	12c.	
30.01 to 50.00	17c.	

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Reserve Fund \$15,000,000
London Branch . . . R. T. Brynmor, Manager.

Surpassing
all others in deliciousness

Laura Secord
OLD-TIME CANDIES

389 Richmond St., Royal Bank Bldg.

CASH FOR VICTORY BONDS
VICTORY BONDS maturing on Dec. 1, 1922, may be redeemed for cash at any Branch of this Bank without charge. To prevent delays, Bonds should be delivered to the Bank at least four days prior to Dec. 1 for examination and listing.

KEEP YOUR MONEY EARNING INTEREST IN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Room to Grow for Every Toe

HURLBUT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION SOLE
Shoes for Children

RUBBERS!
ONLY THE BEST AT
ROWLAND HILL
RELIABLE FOOTWEAR.
189 Dundas St. W. 429 Hamilton Road.

CANADA'S WHEAT PRODUCTION.
Q.—What is Canada's wheat production in comparison with other countries?
A.—In 1921 the United States was the world's first wheat producer, while Canada rose from the third place she held the year before to that of second among the wheat-producing countries of the world. Senator Calder of New York predicted, in 1922, "that the United States will soon fall behind Canada in the production of wheat. The Dominion will develop several times the wheat acreage of the United States."